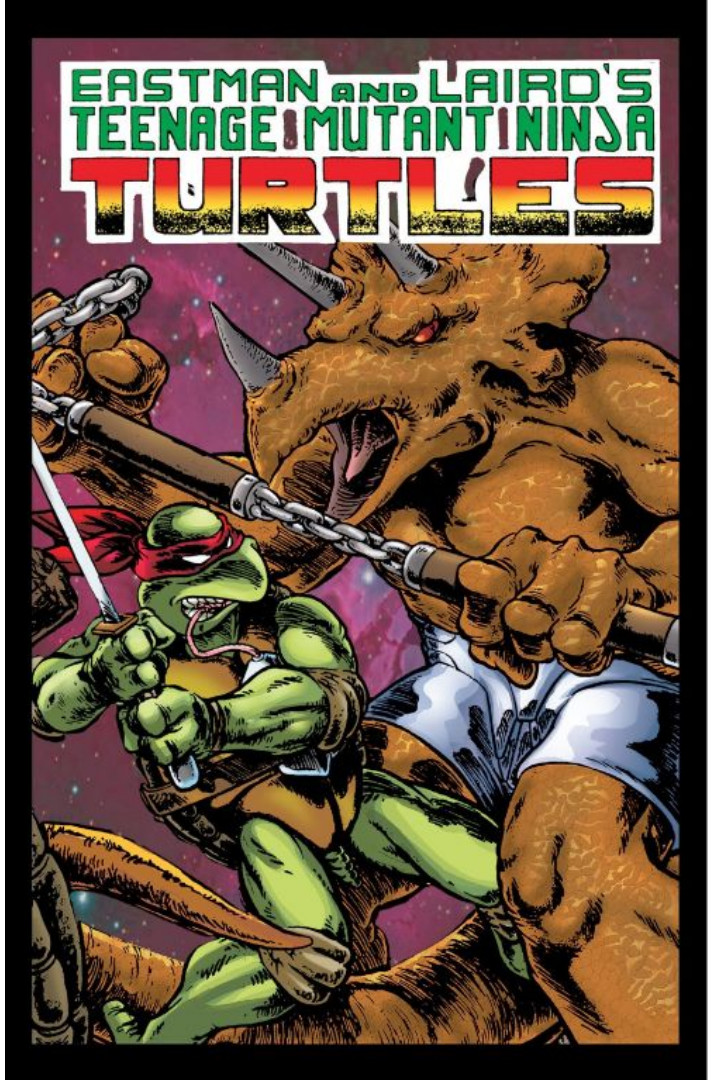
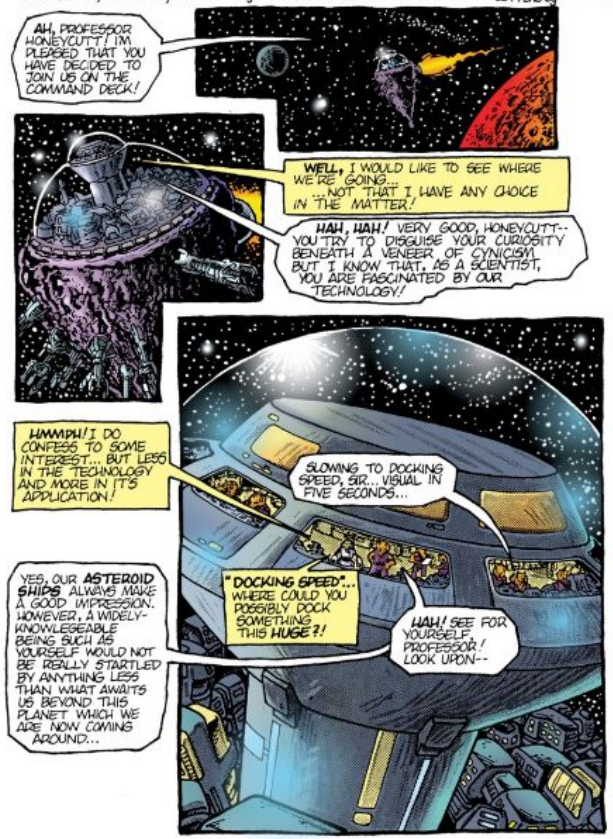
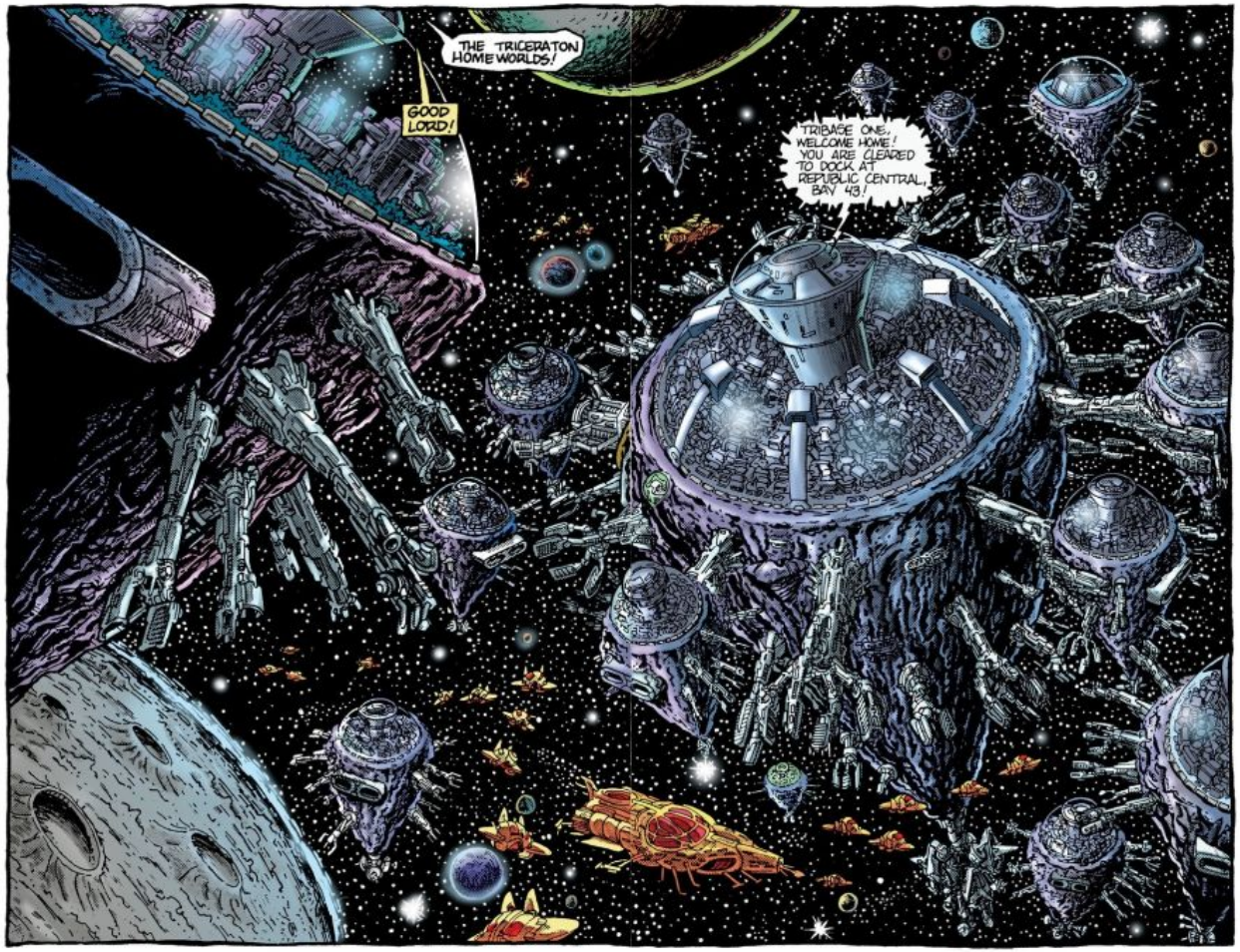


EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S **TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES**

CO-CREATED / WRITTEN / DRAWN by KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD · LETTERS by STEVE LAVIGNE

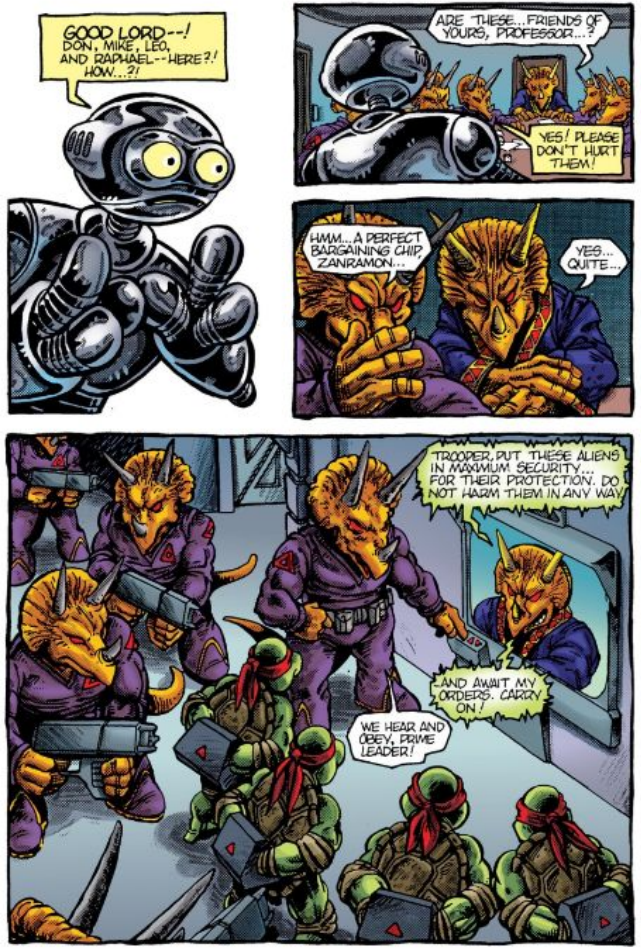

AH, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT! I'M PLEASED THAT YOU HAVE DECIDED TO JOIN US ON THE COMMAND DECK!
WELL, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHERE WE'RE GOING... ...NOT THAT I HAVE ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER!
HAH, HAH! VERY GOOD, HONEYCUTT-- YOU TRY TO DISGUISE YOUR CURIOSITY BENEATH A VENEER OF CYNICISM. BUT I KNOW THAT, AS A SCIENTIST, YOU ARE FASCINATED BY OUR TECHNOLOGY!
HMMPH! I DO CONFESS TO SOME INTEREST... BUT LESS IN THE TECHNOLOGY AND MORE IN ITS APPLICATION!
SLOWING TO DOCKING SPEED, SIR... VISUAL IN FIVE SECONDS...
"DOCKING SPEED"... WHERE COULD YOU POSSIBLY DOCK SOMETHING THIS HUGE?!
YES, OUR ASTEROID SHIPS ALWAYS MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION. HOWEVER, A WIDELY-KNOWLEGEABLE BEING SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD NOT BE REALLY STARTLED BY ANYTHING LESS THAN WHAT AWAITS US BEYOND THIS PLANET WHICH WE ARE NOW COMING AROUND...
HAH! SEE FOR YOURSELF, PROFESSOR! LOOK UPON--


THE TRICERATON HOME WORLDS!
GOOD LORD!
TRIBASE ONE! WELCOME HOME! YOU ARE CLEARED TO DOCK AT REPUBLIC CENTRAL, BAY 43!

COMMANDER MOZAR, REPORT TO THE HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER IMMEDIATELY AFTER DOCKING...
...AND BRING THE ROBOT WITH YOU!
AFFIRMATIVE-- MOZAR OUT!
SHORTLY...
YOUR TRANSPORT IS READY, SIR...
AMAZING--!
YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, PROFESSOR?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET IF I LIKE BEING HERE, BUT I AM IMPRESSED!
HAH! THAT IS ENOUGH FOR NOW... PERHAPS SOON YOU WILL COME TO VIEW US MORE FAVORABLY THAN THE FEDERATS!

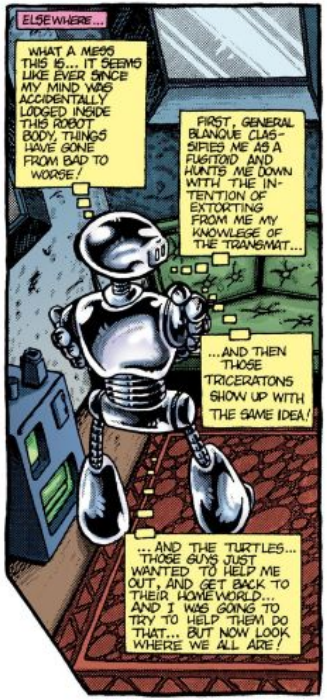
MEANWHILE, BACK AT TRIBASE ONE, THE SCOUT SHIP USED TO KIDNAP HONEYCUTT IS BEING INSPECTED AND REPAIRED...
I WANT THAT SHIP FULLY REFUELED AND RECHARGED... CHECK EVERY INCH FOR DAMAGE... INVENTORY ALL SUPPLIES...
AND DISINFECT IT! WHO KNOWS WHAT FOUL DISEASES IT MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP ON THAT FEDERAT PLANET!
...AND IN A LOWER HOLD...
HMM... STRANGE PLACE FOR BLASTER BURNS...
...I DIDN'T THINK THAT THE FIGHT WITH THE FEDERATS GOT THIS FAR INSIDE THE SHIP!
YOU TROOPS, CHECK THIS ROOM OUT-- THOROUGHLY!
SEEMS EMPTY TO ME...
WAIT-- LOOK!
WHAT ARE THEY?
ARE THEY-- DEAD?
LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE SOME STOWAWAYS HERE... CAN'T PLACE THE SPECIES... THEY SEEM TO BE IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE!
IF WE PICKED THEM UP ON D'HOONIB, THEY'RE PROBABLY OXYGEN BREATHERS-- BETTER GET SOME ATMOSPHERE CONVERTORS QUICKLY!

LATER, IN THE HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBERS...
SO YOU SEE, PROF. HONEYCUTT, WE DESPERATELY NEED A NEW WEAPON TO COUNTER THE ENCROACHING THREAT OF THOSE MAMMALIAN TERRORISTS--
--THE FEDERATS! ...TO MAINTAIN THE PEACEFUL EXISTENCE WE CRAVE... AND YOUR TRANSMAT DEVICE COULD BECOME THAT WEAPON OF PEACE!
I UNDERSTAND YOU, PRIME LEADER ZANRAMON... PERHAPS TOO WELL. AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD COMMANDER MOZAR...
...EVEN IF I COULD BUILD A TRANSMAT, I WOULDN'T... NOT FOR THE FEDERATION... AND NOT FOR YOU.
DON'T BE SO MODEST, HONEYCUTT. PROOF ENOUGH OF YOUR GENIUS IS THAT YOU COULD BUILD A DEVICE -- THE MENTA-WAVE HELMET -- WHICH TRANSFERRED YOUR HUMAN MIND INTO THAT ROBOT BODY. WE BELIEVE THAT YOU CAN CREATE THE TRANSMAT... AND THAT WE CAN CONVINCE YOU TO DO SO FOR US... ONE WAY OR ANOTH-- EH?
BWEEP
PLEASE EXCUSE US, PRIME LEADER. BUT WE FOUND SOMETHING ON THE ATTACK SHIP THAT YOU MIGHT FIND INTERESTING!
THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, SERGEANT... PUT IT ON THE SCREEN!
SALUTATIONS, PRIME LEADER! WE HAVE IN CUSTODY FOUR STOWAWAYS FROM THE SHIP...
...THAT BROUGHT BACK THE FUGITOID FROM D'HOONIB!
THEIR SPECIES IS UNKNOWN, BUT PRELIMINARY DEBRIEFINGS OF COMMANDOS FROM THE D'HOONIB MISSION INDICATE THAT THESE CREATURES MAY HAVE AIDED THE FUGITOID IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM US...
...ORDERS, SIR?

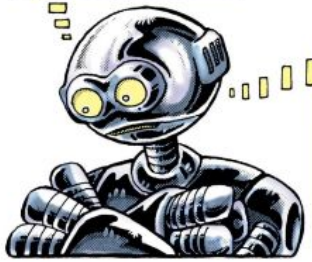

GOOD LORD--! DON, MIKE, LEO, AND RAPHAEL--HERE?! HOW...?!
ARE THESE...FRIENDS OF YOURS, PROFESSOR...?
YES! PLEASE DON'T HURT THEM!
HMM... A PERFECT BARGAINING CHIP, ZANRAMON...
YES... QUITE...
TROOPER, PUT THESE ALIENS IN MAXIMUM SECURITY... FOR THEIR PROTECTION. DO NOT HARM THEM IN ANY WAY!
...AND AWAIT MY ORDERS. CARRY ON!
WE HEAR AND OBEY, PRIME LEADER!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SORRY SAURIANS-- WE'RE SHORT ON CELLS, SO YOU ALL GET TO CRAM INTO THIS ONE!
PHEW! THIS PLACE STINKS!
HEY! SHUT YER FACE, YOU PUNY PIECE OF MAMMAL DROPPINGS!

YA KNOW, PINHEAD, BACK WHERE I COME FROM, BOZOS LIKE YOU KNOW THEIR PLACE...
...IN MUSEUMS, DISPLAYED AS SKELETONS OF LONG-DEAD ANCIENT FREAKS!
WHY YOU--! I OUGHTA--!
URRR--!
LOOK AT THIS JERK BROTHERS-- BIG, SLOW, AND CLUMSY!
HA!
YEAH. BUT THEY'RE TOO CHICKEN TO USE 'EM!
OUFF!
NO, MIKE-- THEY'VE GOT GUNS!
HAIYAA! REMEMBER WHAT THE HEAD LIZARD SAID?
FOR SOME REASON, THEY WANT US-- KIAI!
ARR!
WHUF!
--UNHARMED! YAIHA!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! THIS ONE'S GOT SOME SPUNK! I LIKE THAT... SO WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FIRST!


ELSEWHERE...
WHAT A MESS THIS IS... IT SEEMS LIKE EVER SINCE MY MIND WAS ACCIDENTALLY LODGED INSIDE THIS ROBOT BODY, THINGS HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE!
FIRST, GENERAL BLANQUE CLASSIFIES ME AS A FUGITOID AND HUNTS ME DOWN WITH THE INTENTION OF EXTORTING FROM ME MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRANSMAT...
...AND THEN THOSE TRICERATONS SHOW UP WITH THE SAME IDEA!
...AND THE TURTLES... THOSE GUYS JUST WANTED TO HELP ME OUT, AND GET BACK TO THEIR HOMEWORLD... AND I WAS GOING TO TRY TO HELP THEM DO THAT... BUT NOW LOOK WHERE WE ALL ARE!

...TRAPPED BY ANOTHER POWER-HUNGRY, BLOODTHIRSTY BUREAUCRACY! THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC IS NO MORE OR LESS EVIL THAN THE HUMAN FEDERATION...



...BUT EACH IS JUST AS ETHNOCENTRIC, XENOPHOBIC, AND PARANOID AS THE OTHER! NOW THE TRICERATONS WILL TRY TO FORCE ME TO BUILD THAT FRIGHTFUL WEAPON, THE TRANSMAT... AND I HAVE TO FACE THE HARD FACT THAT EVEN IF I CAN BUILD THE DEVICE, I WON'T... THE POTENTIAL FOR MASS DEATH AND PAIN AND TERROR IN THE GALAXY IS TOO GREAT... I JUST CAN'T DO IT... EVEN IF IT MEANS MY DEATH--AND THE DEATHS OF MY FOUR NEW FRIENDS!

SOME TRILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM A LONELY PROFESSOR CONTEMPLATING HIS DEATH, A SMALL SOLAR SYSTEM LIES... IT'S ONLY KNOWN INHABITED PLANET, CALLED EARTH, IS THE THIRD WORLD ORBITING THE LIFE-GIVING SUN...

ON THIS PLANET ARE ARTIFICIAL SURFACE DIVISIONS CALLED NATIONS... ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL IS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...THE NATIONS OF EARTH REFLECT, IN MICROCOSM, THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN...
...THE FEDERATS AND THE TRICERATONS... THOUGH THE PEOPLE OF EARTH KNOW NOTHING OF THAT DISTANT CONFLICT...

...A YOUNG WOMAN NOW VERY WORRIED, DUE TO THE TWO-DAY ABSENCE OF FOUR GREEN ADOLESCENT WARRIOR REPTILES...

PLEASE LET THEM BE HOME--!
GUYS? HEY, MIKE? LEO? DON? RAPHAEL, ARE YOU HERE? ANYBODY? HELLO?
HELLOOO?! ANYONE HOME?
DAMN! NOTHING...
...THEY'RE STILL NOT BACK.
WHY AM I SO WORRIED? THE GUYS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES...
...BUT TWO DAYS WITH NO WORD...! I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS I'M JUST GETTING REAL ATTACHED TO THEM.
THEY'LL BE OKAY... I BET THEY COME BOPPING IN ANYTIME NOW!
CAN'T LET MYSELF MOPE AROUND ALL NIGHT... GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S ON THE TUBE!
CLICK

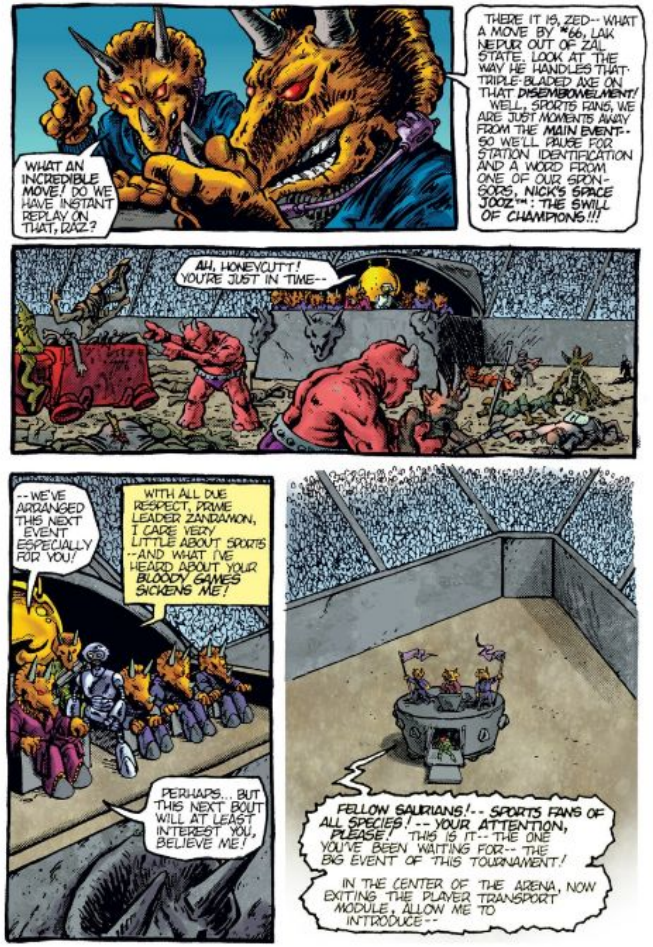
OH, GREAT--! "THE MUNSTERS"! JUST WHAT I NEED TO CHEER ME UP...!
HERMAN, DEAR, GRANDAS RIGHT-- EDDIE'S A BIG WEREWOLF NOW AND SHOULDN'T BULLY THE OTHER KIDS AT SCHOOL!
NOW LILLY, I'M HIS FATHER, AND--
HUH?
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU ANOTHER LIVE EYEWITNESS NEWS REPORT FROM DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN. JIM...?
THANKS, BOB! JIM McNAUGHTON HERE, COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE SITE OF THE MYSTERIOUS T.C.R.I. BUILDING, THE OBJECT OF INTENSE OFFICIAL SCRUTINY SINCE APPROXIMATELY 9:30 P.M. TWO NIGHTS AGO, WHEN MANY WITNESSES OBSERVED A BUNDING BEAM OF LIGHT WHICH BURST FROM THE TOP OF THE STRUCTURE--
--AND SHOT MILES INTO THE NEW YORK SKY. SINCE THEN, THERE HAS BEEN NO RESPONSE FROM T.C.R.I. OFFICIALS, AND NO ONE HAS BEEN ALLOWED ENTRANCE INTO THE BUILDING.
OUR RESEARCH STAFF HAS BEEN UNABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS THAT THE T.C.R.I. COMPANY DOES...
T.C.R.I.?!! OH MY GOD-- THAT'S WHERE THE GUYS WERE HEADED WHEN THEY LEFT TWO DAYS AGO--!
SMASH
...ALL WE KNOW SO FAR IS WHAT THE INITIALS T.C.R.I. STAND FOR: "TECHNO-COSMIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE" NOW, WITH THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS, HERE'S CAPTAIN FARRILLO OF THE N.Y.P.D. WHAT'S THE SCOOP, CAPTAIN?

WELL, ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO, AFTER REPEATED -- AND UNSUCCESSFUL -- ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT T.C.R.I. OFFICIALS, WE DECIDED TO TRY TO FORCE ENTRY. AS OUR OFFICERS PREPARED TO BREAK THROUGH THE GLASS MAIN DOORS, SOLID STEEL PLATES EJECTED FROM ALL THE DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, SEALING THE BUILDING COMPLETELY. EVEN THE ROOF-TOP ENTRYWAY WAS SEALED OFF.
OH, NO...
SO WHAT'S NEXT?
WELL, THE MAYOR PLANS TO CALL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD AND TRY ANOTHER FORCED ENTRY. UNTIL THEN, WE'LL KEEP TRYING TO CONTACT WHOEVER IS INSIDE THE BUILDING... AND TO FIND OUT WHO OWNS THE DARN PLACE!
THANKS, CAPTAIN FARRILLO! I GUESS THAT WRAPS IT UP FOR NOW.
WE'LL HAVE MORE REPORTS ON THIS SITUATION AS IT EVOLVES. COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM BROOKLYN, THIS IS JIM McNAUGHTON, EYEWITNESS NEWS!
OH, GEEZ-- THE GUYS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM? IF THEY'RE TRAPPED INSIDE THAT BUILDING, THEY'LL BE CAUGHT--! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
WHAT CAN I DO?

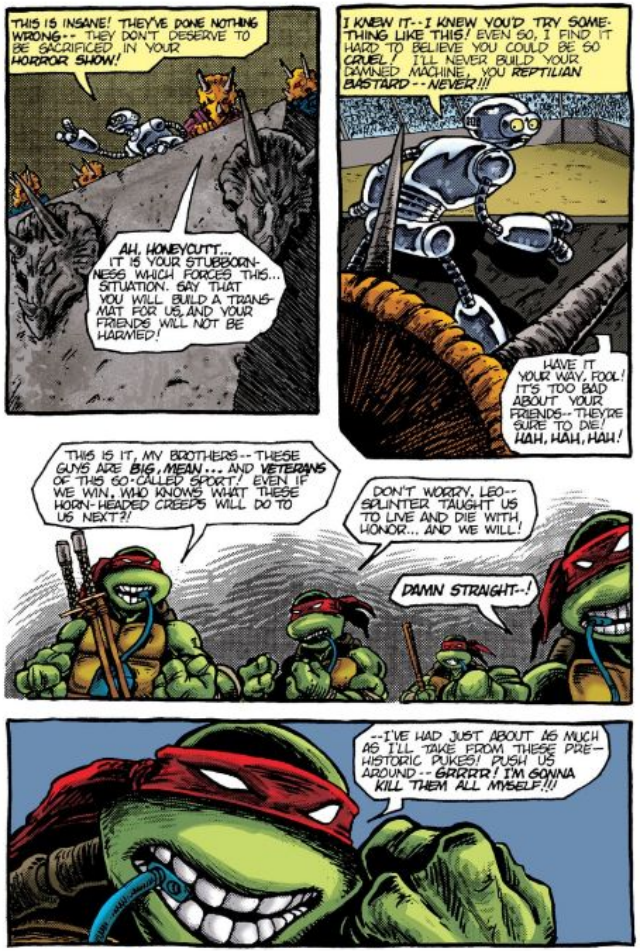
MEANWHILE, A GALAXY AWAY... A MAJOR SPORTING EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...
GOOD EVENING, FELLOW SAURIANS, AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE TRI-SPORTS ARENA! I'M YOUR HOST, RAZ CHARKON...
...AND I'M RAZ'S CO-HOST, ZED LAKIN! WELCOME!
TRI SPORTS
OKAY, ZED! WHAT AN EXCITING LINE-UP OF SPORTS EVENTS WE HAVE TONIGHT!
RIGHT AGAIN, RAZ! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GREAT PRELIMINARY BOUTS, BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT THE MAIN EVENT! THE INSIDE SCOOP IS THAT FOUR OFF-WORLD, FIRST-TIME CONTENDERS WILL BE FACING FOUR REIGNING CHAMPIONS IN THE SURVIVOR-TAKE-ALL COMPETITION! THE FANS ARE GOING NUTS OVER THESE DARK HORSE CONTENDERS IN THIS ELEVENTH-HOUR SCHEDULED EVENT!
DEFINITELY A MAJOR, MAJOR EVENT, ZED-- WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE PRIME LEADER HIMSELF WILL SOUND THE COMMENCEMENT GONG!

IT LOOKS LIKE THAT TIME AGAIN, RAZ! SHALL WE?
YOU'VE GOT IT, ZED! LET'S PAN DOWN TO THE FIELD FOR THE OFFICIAL OPENING!
FELLOW TRICERATONS--CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC--
--LET THE SPORT BEGIN!
GONGG!
WE WHO MAY BE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU!!!

AS THE WARM-UP BOUTS RAGE ON, TENSION BUILDS TO THE MAIN EVENT...
"YOWSA! LOOK AT THAT MULTI-LIMBED SPASMOSAUR GO! HE MUST HAVE EATEN EIGHT COMBATANTS ALREADY, RAZ!"
"WELL, ZED, YOU KNOW THOSE LOWER LEVEL GRONKS CAN BARELY FIGHT THEMSELVES, LET ALONE A SPASMOSAUR!"
"HEY, NOW WE'RE COMING UP TO MY FAVORITE EVENT, RAZ--THE MIS-MATCH COMBAT! HAH, HAH! LOOK AT THOSE ZANY, FIGHTIN' FOOLS!"
"YES, THEY'RE CERTAINLY AN ODD COUPLE, AREN'T THEY, ZED? I'D JUST LIKE TO REMIND OUR VIEWERS THAT ONE OF OUR MAIN SPONSORS IS ZHET'S ALL-GLO™ HORN POLISH!"
"ALL RIGHT! IT'S THE ALL-OUT GANG WAR, AND WHAT A WAR IT IS, RAZ! LOOK AT THOSE CRAZIES GO--BLOOD 'N' GUTS EVERYWHERE! I DEFINITELY FAVOR THE TROGS THIS TIME OUT--THEY'VE REALLY GOT THEIR STUFF TOGETHER!"
"GOT TO DISAGREE WITH YOU THERE, ZED--THE NOIDS HAVE A DYNAMITE BACKFIELD, AND THEIR CENTERS ARE REALLY TAKING OFF HEADS IN THE FIRST QUARTER!"
IT'S ALMOST TIME... BRING HONEYCUTT OUT NOW...
AT ONCE, PRIME LEADER!

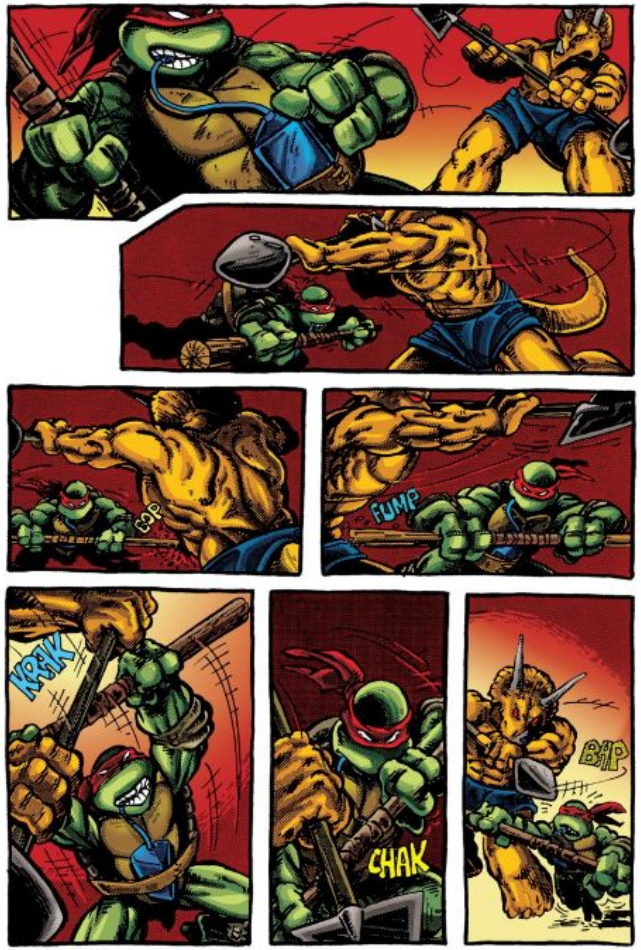

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE MOVE! DO WE HAVE INSTANT REPLAY ON THAT, DAZ?
THERE IT IS, ZED-- WHAT A MOVE BY "66, LAK NEPUR OUT OF ZAL STATE. LOOK AT THE WAY HE HANDLES THAT TRIPLE-BLADED AXE ON THAT DISEMBOWELMENT!
WELL, SPORTS FANS, WE ARE JUST MOMENTS AWAY FROM THE MAIN EVENT-- SO WE'LL PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION AND A WORD FROM ONE OF OUR SPONSORS, NICK'S SPACE JOOZ™: THE SWILL OF CHAMPIONS!!!
AH, HONEYCUTT! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME--
--WE'VE ARRANGED THIS NEXT EVENT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, PRIME LEADER ZANDAMON, I CARE VERY LITTLE ABOUT SPORTS --AND WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR BLOODY GAMES SICKENS ME!
PERHAPS... BUT THIS NEXT BOUT WILL AT LEAST INTEREST YOU, BELIEVE ME!
FELLOW SAURIANS!-- SPORTS FANS OF ALL SPECIES!-- YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! THIS IS IT-- THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR-- THE BIG EVENT OF THIS TOURNAMENT!
IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA, NOW EXITING THE PLAYER TRANSPORT MODULE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE--

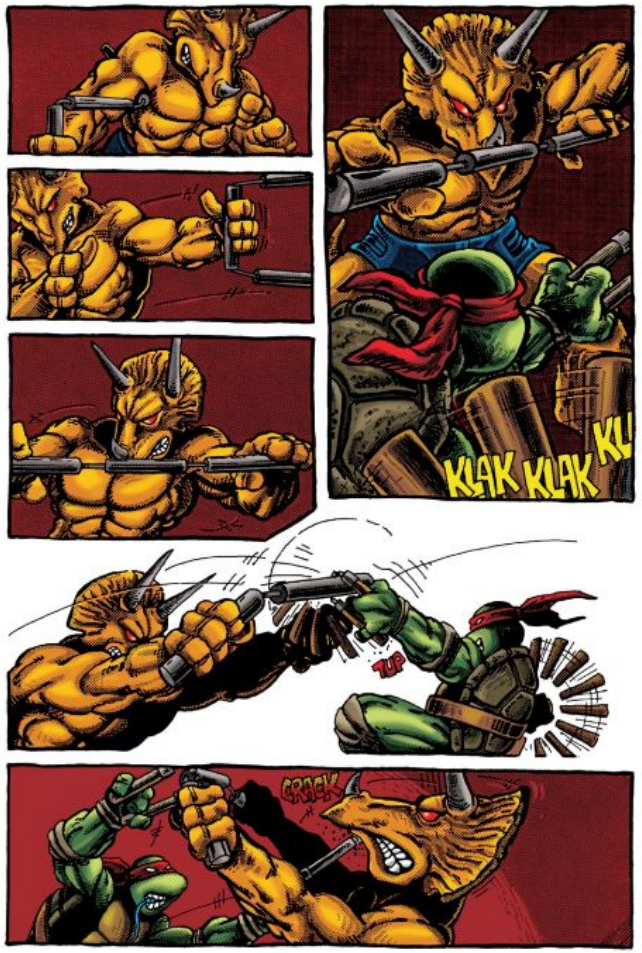
--THE COMBATANTS! REPRESENTING THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC, AN ALL-STAR TEAM: MIXX TROLO, FROM THE STARCRUISER ZALUM; XOITE DAMAAZ, FROM MOLOX; DAZ UBLEM, FROM BAKKLO, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST THE INCREDIBLE 22-BOUT REIGNING CHAMPION, MONZA RAM! LET'S HEAR IT FOR OUR BOYS!!!
TODAY THEY'LL BE BATTLING-- BY THE PRIME LEADER'S DECREE!-- A QUARTET OF SNARLING RUFFIANS FROM A PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN PLANET, EARTH: THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES!!!
NO!!!


THIS IS INSANE! THEY'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG-- THEY DON'T DESERVE TO BE SACRIFICED IN YOUR HORROR SHOW!
AH, HONEYCUTT... IT IS YOUR STUBBORNNESS WHICH FORCES THIS... SITUATION. SAY THAT YOU WILL BUILD A TRANSMAT FOR US, AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL NOT BE HARMED!
I KNEW IT--I KNEW YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS! EVEN SO, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU COULD BE SO CRUEL! I'LL NEVER BUILD YOUR DAMNED MACHINE, YOU REPTILIAN BASTARD--NEVER!!!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, FOOL! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS--THEY'RE SURE TO DIE! HAH, HAH, HAH!
THIS IS IT, MY BROTHERS--THESE GUYS ARE BIG, MEAN... AND VETERANS OF THIS SO-CALLED SPORT! EVEN IF WE WIN, WHO KNOWS WHAT THESE HORN-HEADED CREEPS WILL DO TO US NEXT?!
DON'T WORRY, LEO--SPLINTER TAUGHT US TO LIVE AND DIE WITH HONOR... AND WE WILL!
DAMN STRAIGHT--!
--I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH AS I'LL TAKE FROM THESE PRE-HISTORIC DUKES! PUSH US AROUND--GRRRR! I'M GONNA KILL THEM ALL MYSELF!!!

NO, NOT BY YOURSELF, RAPHAEL--WE'RE A TEAM; AND AS A TEAM, LET'S GO KICK--
KIAK KIAK KIAK
--SOME--
--ASS!!!

THUP
KLANG


SIP
FUMP
KRIK
CHAK
BIP


KLAK KLAK KL
TUP
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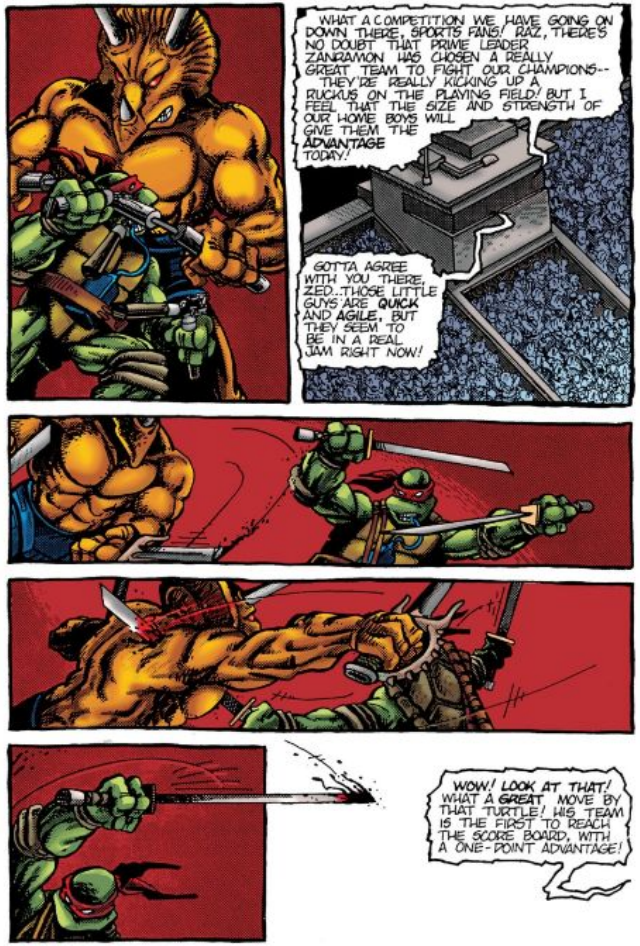
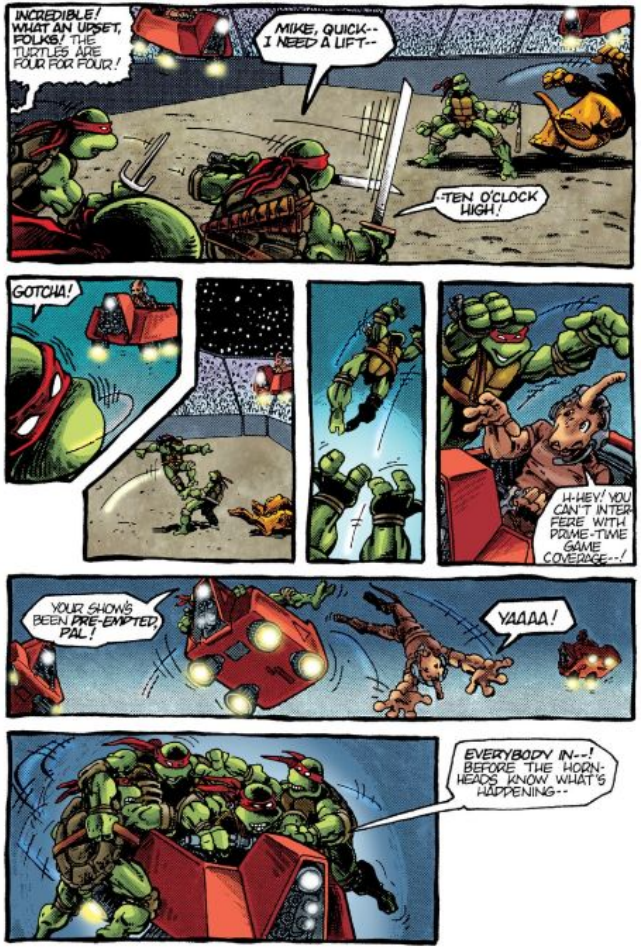

WHAT A COMPETITION WE HAVE GOING ON DOWN THERE, SPORTS FANS! RAZ, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT PRIME LEADER ZANZAMON HAS CHOSEN A REALLY GREAT TEAM TO FIGHT OUR CHAMPIONS-- THEY'RE REALLY KICKING UP A RUCKUS ON THE PLAYING FIELD! BUT I FEEL THAT THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF OUR HOME BOYS WILL GIVE THEM THE ADVANTAGE TODAY!
GOTTA AGREE WITH YOU THERE, ZED..THOSE LITTLE GUYS ARE QUICK AND AGILE, BUT THEY SEEM TO BE IN A REAL JAM RIGHT NOW!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT! WHAT A GREAT MOVE BY THAT TURTLE! HIS TEAM IS THE FIRST TO REACH THE SCORE BOARD, WITH A ONE-POINT ADVANTAGE!

CRUNCH
RAZ, THE FANS ARE GOING WILD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- THAT'S TWO IN A ROW FOR THE TURTLES! COULD IT BE BEGINNERS' LUCK? ARE OUR BOYS OVERCONFIDENT? I DON'T KNOW... BUT I HOPE THE CAMERA CREWS ARE GETTING CLOSE-UPS-- THESE GUYS ARE GOOD!!!

KRAK
SMASH
SPUCK
FOR HONOR--!
DON--ARE YOU OKAY?!
LEO, LOOK--UP ON THAT PLATFORM--

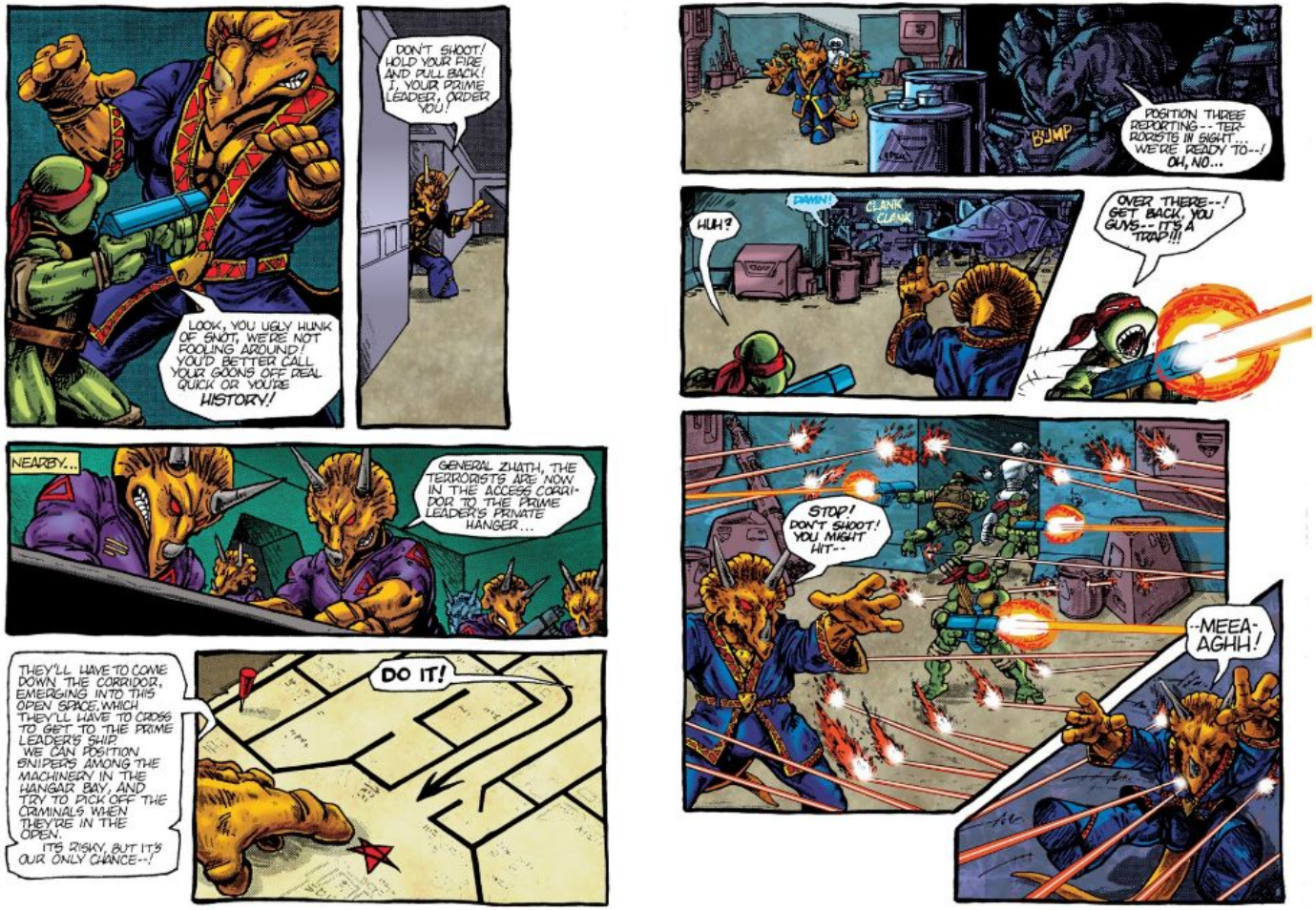
IT'S HONEYCUTT! HE'S HERE--WE HAVE TO RESCUE HIM!
LET'S RESCUE OURSELVES, FIRST--!
RAPHAEL--!?
STILL KICKIN', LEO! WHERES-- OH, NO! MIKE!
MIKE--!
CRUNCH
COUGH COUGH
KRAK


INCREDIBLE! WHAT AN UPSET, FOLKS! THE TURTLES ARE FOUR FOR FOUR!
MIKE, QUICK-- I NEED A LIFT--
-TEN O'CLOCK HIGH!
GOTCHA!
H-HEY! YOU CAN'T INTERFERE WITH PRIME-TIME GAME COVERAGE--!
YOUR SHOW'S BEEN PRE-EMPTED, PAL!
YAAAA!
EVERYBODY IN--! BEFORE THE HORNHEADS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING--

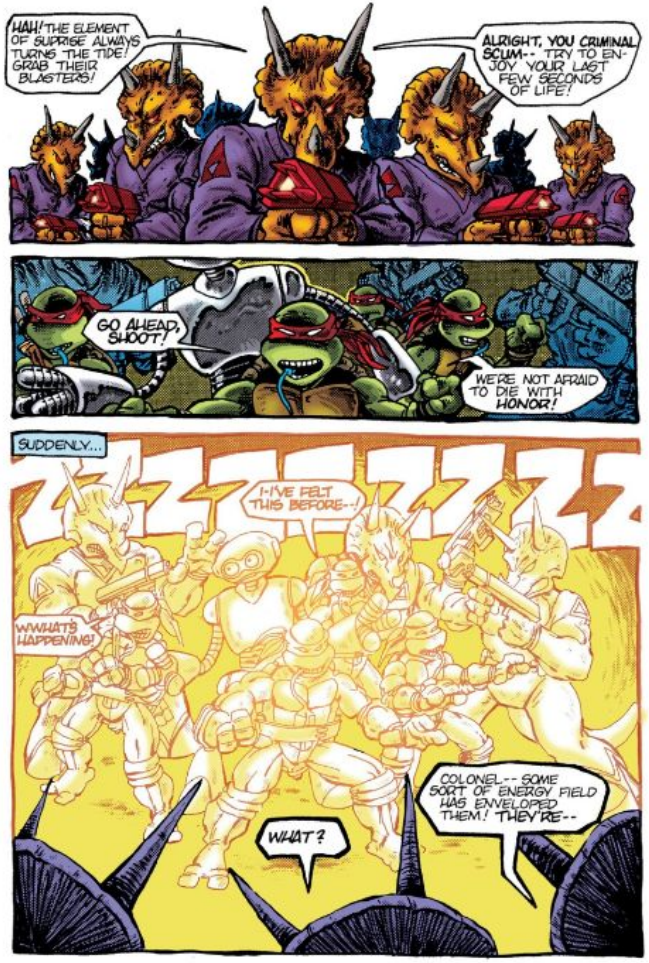
WE'RE GONNA RAM THIS SUCKER RIGHT DOWN THEIR THROATS!
GUARDS--STOP THEM! SHOOT THAT CAMERA PLATFORM DOWN--QUICKLY!
TRI SPORTS
NO!
HEY, YOU STUPID ROBOT--!
YOW!
GET READY, GUYS--!
WHEN I FLIP THIS THING OVER--
JUMP!
KER-BLAM

NAIL THOSE GUARDS, AND GRAB HONEYCUTT--
--I SEE OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!
PRIME LEADER, MAKE ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE LIZARD CUTLETS! CALL OFF YOUR GUARDS--
NOW!!!
AHHH--!!
Y-YOU HEARD HIM--BACK OFF! GIVE HIM ROOM! DON'T GULP! SHOOT!
OH MY GOD...! FANS AND FELLOW TRICERATONS... OH MY GOD! THE COMBATANTS--THOSE TURTLES HAVE ATTACKED AND NOW HOLD PRISONER OUR PRIME LEADER--! OH MY GOD--! THIS IS TERRIBLE, HORRIFYING...
...CAMERA SIX, CAN YOU GET A CLOSE UP OF THE ACTION?
OKAY, PAL-- YOU JUST HELP US GET OUT OF HERE, AND WE'LL TURN YOU LOOSE UNHARMED!
BROTHERS, GRAB SOME WEAPONS, AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING...I DON'T TRUST THESE CREEPS!

THIS WAY, LADS--! THERE'S AN ACCESS CORRIDOR BEHIND THIS PLATFORM!
YOU CREEPS STAY PUT--AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TRYIN' SOMETHIN'!
RAPHAEL, GET IN THE ELEVATOR WITH THE OTHERS--HONEYCUTT SAYS WE SHOULD GO DOWN A COUPLE LEVELS.
OKAY, BIG SHOT-- WHAT'S THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE FASTEST SHIP? C'MON, YOUR ROYAL HIDE IS ON THE LINE!
G-GO RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORRIDOR INTERSECTION. MY PERSONAL DOCK IS ON THIS LEVEL!
GO RIGHT HERE--? WHOOP S!!
SPAK
CHUK
ZOWN
BOOM


LOOK, YOU UGLY HUNK OF SHIT, WE'RE NOT FOOLING AROUND! YOU'D BETTER CALL YOUR GOONS OFF REAL QUICK OR YOU'RE HISTORY!
DON'T SHOOT! HOLD YOUR FIRE AND PULL BACK! I, YOUR PRIME LEADER, ORDER YOU!
NEARBY...
GENERAL ZHATH, THE TERRORISTS ARE NOW IN THE ACCESS CORRIDOR TO THE PRIME LEADER'S PRIVATE HANGER...
THEY'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THE CORRIDOR, EMERGING INTO THIS OPEN SPACE, WHICH THEY'LL HAVE TO CROSS TO GET TO THE PRIME LEADER'S SHIP. WE CAN POSITION SNIPERS AMONG THE MACHINERY IN THE HANGAR BAY, AND TRY TO PICK OFF THE CRIMINALS WHEN THEY'RE IN THE OPEN.
IT'S RISKY, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE--!
DO IT!
BUMP
POSITION THREE REPORTING--TERRORISTS IN SIGHT... WE'RE READY TO--! OH, NO...
HUH?
PAWN!
CLANK CLANK
OVER THERE--! GET BACK, YOU GUYS--IT'S A TRAP!!!
STOP! DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT--
--MEEA-AGHH!

OH, NOOO! WE'VE SHOT THE PRIME LEADER!
DAMN! THEY'VE KILLED HIM!
THERE GOES OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!
WELL, WE'RE NOT GOIN' DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT! PULL BACK TO THE ELEVATOR--
HUSTLE IT, YOU GUYS--!
HAH!
AW, SHOOT--!
UNFF!
SMACK


HAH! THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ALWAYS TURNS THE TIDE! GRAB THEIR BLASTERS!
ALRIGHT, YOU CRIMINAL SCUM-- TRY TO ENJOY YOUR LAST FEW SECONDS OF LIFE!
GO AHEAD, SHOOT!
WE'RE NOT AFRAID TO DIE WITH HONOR!
SUDDENLY...
I-I'VE FELT THIS BEFORE--!
WHAT'S HAPPENING!
COLONEL-- SOME SORT OF ENERGY FIELD HAS ENVELOPED THEM! THEY'RE--
WHAT?

...FADING AWAY!!! STOP THEM!
ARRG!
THE LIGHT— MY EYES!
TO BE CONTINUED!!!